

GIRL-TROUBLE PUBLICATIONS

SUMMER 95

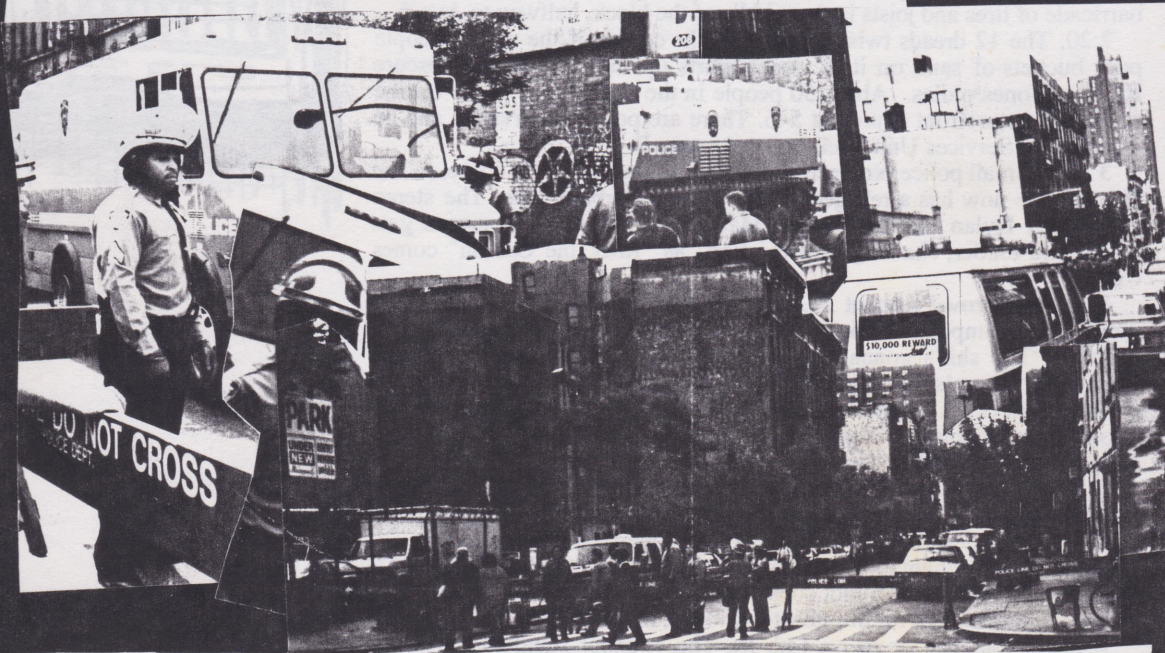
FREE

\$1.00  
BY MAIL

# SKUNK 3

**SQUATTER EVICTION EXCLUSIVE!**

REVIEW: SMEARS  
ART: FLY, DONNA  
HAN



Squatters—or homesteaders, as some prefer to be called—began moving into six abandoned buildings on East 13th Street in 1984, gradually fixing them up over the next decade. Last year, the city turned five of the buildings over to a nonprofit housing group once run by City Councilmember Antonio Pagan, a real-estate shill with a long vendetta against the squatters. The squatters sued to block their impending eviction. When it looked like they were winning their case, the city declared three of the buildings unsafe.

Just before dawn on May 30, hundreds of police moved in, armed with machine guns, assault rifles, and an old Korean War tank. The unarmed squatters had welded the buildings' doors shut, hoping to hold off the eviction until their lawyers could get a court order stopping it. They didn't get one. **Story on page 2**



## Notes From The Front Line

By Steven Wishnia

1 A.M. 14th Street is quiet after the rain. There's only two passengers on the Avenue A bus, and most of the vehicles on the street are garbage trucks.

1:15. There's an eerie, wake-like atmosphere as about 30 to 40 people mill about on the street outside the squats, talking quietly. 541 has banners reading "HOME," "SWEET" and "HOME" hanging from the fifth, fourth and third floors. 539 has "MOVE" on the top floor, with a torn Israeli flag hanging out a window.

1:35. 12 dreadlocked punks overturn an abandoned car and spin it into the street. The grind of chainsaws, generators and welders punctures the quiet.

1:40. "We're closing in ten minutes" announces a bullhorn from 541. Arc lights send white light ripping through the doors of buildings being welded shut, and sparks fly out under them.

1:45. The first cop car drives through the block. People start a barricade of tires and joists in the middle of the block, halfway to Ave A.

2:20. The 12 dreads twist the car into the center of the street. People pour buckets of sand on it. A stereo starts up in 539, playing obscure Rolling Stones oldies. About 50 people in the street, plus some on the roof of the storefront church at 546. There are police supervisors and an Emergency Services Unit truck across Avenue B.

3 A.M. Small police presence at both the Avenue A and B corners. The B barricade now has a refrigerator and several garbage bins. The stereo plays early Dylan and the Clash's "Magnificent Seven." The crowd gets larger and louder, chanting "No eviction" as "Rock the Casbah" comes on.

3:25. The crowd's about 50. A percussion circle—drums, metal and empty joint-compound buckets—starts at the mid-block barricade.

3:30. "The shit's gonna come down at 4," David Boyle announces from 539. "There's 700 cops coming in 30 minutes. All we are asking for is our day in court." Applause. A second barricade goes up at the B end, about 2 car lengths in—a ladder, an old metal fan. The DJ segues from Mötörhead's "Ace of Spades" into the Monkees' "I'm a Believer."

3:50. "Radio Clash." There's small barricades of tires and garbage bags almost up to Avenue A. 541 is boarding up their windows.

4 A.M. The deadline arrives with a blast of Neil Young feedback.

4:15. Crowd chants "No illegal evictions" and "Our day in court." Word is that there are 250 riot cops on 14th St. between B and D.

4:25. Quiet except for drumbeats, whoops, metal clangs.

4:45. Ambulance sirens on 14th St. The younger squat-punks in the street move like worker ants, pulling rubble out of 545 and piling it on the barricades. They start a third barricade by 545.

4:50. Cops in riot gear start putting up sawhorse barriers at Avenue A.

4:55. "Here they come," somebody shouts. There are six cops—snipers?—on the roof of the Campos Plaza projects between B and C. Still little sign of the army. Ten riot cops march down Avenue B. A dump truck full of sawhorses pulls up.

5 A.M. The police truck moves down Avenue B. Protesters come out into the intersection. Frenetic drumming at both ends. A guy on the scaffold on the second floor of 545 dumps out a garbage bag full of bagels, throwing some into the street.







5:30. Still little visible police presence.

5:35. Bagel war erupts in front of 545. More cops on A

5:40. Cops on the roof of 517. Metal jam continues, BAMBAMBAM! BAM! BAM! Cops seem to be massing on Ave. A. About 20 head down the block, clearing away the first small barricade.

5:45. Cops hold a line even with the parking lot at 513. About 20-25 people behind each barricade at mid-block.

5:50. Barrier truck on A. About 25 cops by 515.

5:55. Cops move up to 517, remove garbage-can barricade and set up police line.

6:15. Three copters overhead. B is blocked from 12th to 14th streets.

6:30. Mood turns festive; with no invasion yet and small presence, hope rises that the hold-them-off-until-the-courts-open strategy will work. Full-scale bagel war between squat kids in paint-stained jeans and improvised "gas masks" of bandanas on the street and the punkafarians on the 545 scaffold. Lots of media—Felipe Luciano, ex-Young Lord from Fox 5.

6:45. "I splatted him" exults a bagel-thrower with a green-yellow Mohawk who just scored a direct hit.

7 A.M. A temporary autonomous zone. Gobs of paint on the street.

7:10. Squat work crew dismantles the innermost B-end barricade, piling the stuff onto the middle one. Firecrackers off the roof of 545.

7:15. About 15 cops on the Campos Plaza roof.

7:30. Cops on the A side are down to a thin line of about 15. Their body language says no action.

8:25. Cops getting ready to move down B from 14th St.—about 35 in riot gear, plus about 15 brass.

8:35. About 35 riot cops lined up on the east side of B.

8:38. BOOM! Sounds like an M-40.

8:40. "NO ILLEGAL EVICTION" chant from protesters on B.

8:50. Frantic work on the B barricades, blocking the sidewalks too. Stereo in 539 plays the Stones. "Money" and "Come On."

8:55. Dark-uniformed cops with bundles of plastic handcuffs appear.

9:08. Cops on the roof of the building on the NW corner of 13th and B. One puts on rubber gloves.

9:13. "Lady Jane." Cops move in. Riot-shielded phalanx of about 25 pulls down outer B barricade, pushes in to second one. More move in from the A side. About 25 protesters line up behind a rope in front of 541 and 545. Hundreds of cops wait on B.

9:15. ESU bulldozers come out. Dark-shirted cops with bulletproof vests push onto north sidewalk from B. Cops break into the back yard of 544, squat on the south side of the street. The rope line is about 40 people.

9:18. Three copters. The blackshirts start taking down the barricade. A new phalanx moves in from B—about 150 total. A-side cops start taking down barricades.

9:21. Outer B barricade gone. A-side cops halfway down block.

9:23. Cops move in from B. One systematically smashes bottles with his club. "No Police State" chant.

9:29. Stalemate. Still 40 protesters with linked arms. About half have plastic hard hats on.

9:33. A-side cops up to 533. "Off the Pigs" chant. Blackshirts break 537's door. Squatters inside push back. Cops back off momentarily.

CONTINUED ON PG 21



Dear Skunk,

My name is Jennifer and I'm 19 years old. I want to write about my jealousy and low self-esteem problem. I write about it a lot because it haunts me every waking minute. It's a real horrible feeling to be so jealous. I have a boyfriend and he really can't do much without me being so jealous. I get crazy if he talks to another girl. I start thinking "I know he likes her better, I'm not as pretty or I'm not as smart as her". I really hate feeling this way but I can't control it. Sometimes I want to break up with him and never go out with another guy again. But he tries to work everything out with me, which gives me more confidence. I don't want to put him through this and I don't want to feel like this. I cry every night because I hate myself for how I am. I probably hurt more than he does.

Dear Skunk,

My name is Elizabeth and I'm a 22 year-old feminist in Greensboro, NC. Some friends of mine and I have recently been noticing a lack of female unity in our town. It seems that the scene around here is really male-centered. A few of us decided to change this so we put out the word that we were starting to form a new women's group. The response was impressive. The first meeting we got about 25 women together and the second was just as good. It's a really positive thing so far. We're trying to keep it from being a male-bashing group and so far were successful. It amazes me what a little organization can do to help women get together. I think there's a real need and not all women are seperatists. Our group is still in its infancy but we're hoping to educate each other and the public about issues we think are important.

## MYSTERY QUOTE CONTEST

### Who said this:

"Culture provides a sop to the egos of the incompetent, a means of rationalizing passive spectating; they can pride themselves on their ability to appreciate the 'finer' things, to see a jewel where there is only a turd. Lacking faith in their ability to change anything, resigned to the status quo, they have to see beauty in turds because, so far as they can see, turds are all they'll ever have"

[Correct answer in next issue. Mail in your answers to **SKUNK- PO Box 20524 Tompkins Sq Sta, NYC 10009**. Winner(s) recieve a free mini-comic and honorable mention in issue #4 of Skunk]



## The Boss

your perfume is ridiculous  
your corporate clothes nauseous  
your liquor is pretentious  
your children obnoxious

your annual,  
"I'm sorry, there are no raises,  
no bonuses this year, but you should be  
grateful to have a job" speech is  
sexist racist and classist

your cat is characterless  
your wife meaningless  
your four houses pathetic  
your boyfriend parasitic

and when work is done  
I go home to life without you  
and when work is done  
you dress up in your Gap clothes  
and sit in outdoor cafes  
trying to look like TV poets

when work is done  
I go home to a life  
without you

when work is done  
you want to  
look like me

—Dangerous Diane Spodarek

## Peace Of War

Ships war shamelessly  
blood stained tides rolling in  
crashing along debris  
false resurrections for a heroine  
drowned by the waves of destiny  
stolen lives, her prince

Take my father  
kill my sister  
mental massacre

Praying for an answer  
to a "God" of war  
draft the people your prisoners  
never will we know our ancestors

Warring to save peace  
pieces time and time unfound  
leader, saviour baring teeth  
brings the world around

Kill my sister  
take my father  
stripping earth, raping the mother  
keeping up failed massacres  
the repetition of war still-birth

—Stacey Aragon



Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon

Richard Nixon



I hated everything Richard Nixon stood for in 1972. He was “winding down” the war in Vietnam, which meant that fewer American troops were fighting, but U.S. planes rained tons of bombs, napalm and Agent Orange every day. The Michigan Militia would have to take out thousands of buildings to equal Nixon’s body count. He couldn’t screw the poor as much as Reagan or Gingrich, but he cracked down on dissenters and nonconformists, from leaning on radio stations to ban “drug-oriented” rock’n’roll to sending death squads after Black Panther leaders.

I had just turned 17. With six months of washing dishes at minimum wage adding an economic dimension to my teenage rebellion and antiwar outrage, I was ripe for action. So in August, four of us—me, Elliot, Rhonda and Nick, comrades from Stony Brook University’s radical movement, loaded into Elliot’s sky-blue Chevy and drove the 1,400 miles from Brooklyn to the Republican Convention in Miami Beach.

It was my first time down South. Steak sandwiches at a Muslim fast-food joint in the D.C. ghetto; in North Carolina, a spectacular thunderstorm split the predawn sky, the lightning illuminating a Ku Klux Klan billboard; past the Spanish moss in South Carolina and down the long Florida coast with Alice Cooper and the Raspberries blasting on the radio.

We camped out in Flamingo Park with a mix of antiwar Vietnam veterans—one, Ron “Born on the Fourth of July” Kovic, would get dragged out of his wheelchair and beaten when he got into the convention hall and heckled Nixon—and Quaalude freaks so wasted they probably wouldn’t have noticed a cop bashing them on the head. Occasionally a Young Republican would wander by and we’d sit up in the subtropical night getting high and arguing with them.

The Republicans wanted to avoid another Chicago ’68. Nixon didn’t want televised images of cops battering protesters marring his coronation. The cops locked arms and clubs and kept us blocks away from the hall, except for a penned-off section in back that they pushed us out of when we got too loud. We escaped into the streets, shouting “Nixon’s a murderer” and “fuck you, pig” at stray delegates and occasionally smashing the windshields of Cadillacs with “President Nixon. Now more than ever” stickers. One guy I suspected as a potential agent—he’d propositioned me about blowing up an ITT facility on Long Island—jumped on the back of a delegate bus and pulled out the sparkplug wires.



The morning after the convention we picked up a guy named Dave who needed a ride to Philadelphia and had eggs and grits at a coffeeshop. On the way back to the car, he saw a toy store and wanted to get something for his little sister. Nick and I went in with him.

The owner freaked at the sight of us and screamed for us to get out. We did, but not before Nick said something like "You got a lot of war toys in here, mister." We walked the half block to the car. As we got in, about 11 cop cars pulled up. One of them blocked off our parking space.

"All right, it's the end of the road for you!" shouted the lead cop, leaping out to the driver's side of our car. Elliot didn't know what was going on and picked the moment for a display of idealistic bravado. He wouldn't roll his window down until the cop told him what we were being arrested for. When he finally did, the cop punched him in the face. The cop was wearing a "Nixon Now" button.

We got lined up against a cop car, cuffed, Maced and frisked. A crowd of old people gathered—South Miami Beach's elderly, mostly retired New York Jews who weren't particularly affluent, had been pretty sympathetic to the demonstrators, who often resembled their grandchildren.

"They weren't doing anything," said one protester.

"Neither were you, buddy," said a cop. "Get over here."

Elliot and Rhonda had bail money. Nick, Dave, the bystander and I got put in a holding cell with about 20 people. Most of them seemed to be in for thoughtcrime. Their arrest warrants said things like: "On August 24, 1972 at 11 A.M., at 17th Street and Washington Avenue, said defendant did commit the crime of disorderly conduct, to wit: DID RAISE HIS MIDDLE FINGER IN AN OBSCENE GESTURE AND SHOUT 'FUCKING PIG' AT AN OFFICER OF THE MIAMI BEACH POLICE DEPARTMENT." Over 1,000 people got rounded up that day.

Periodically the cops came by to spray Mace into the cell. "I always cry at weddings," snickered one. They dragged in a longhair from Atlanta, his face bloody, his glasses smashed. "What about my constitutional rights?" he screamed. "You fucking animals don't have any constitutional rights," said the cop shoving him in the cell. He too was wearing a "Nixon Now" button.

Across the hall was a small, swarthy man with a cell to himself. "Hey, man, what are you in for?" I asked.

"Public display of the swastika," he said. "Fuck you," I replied.

A few cops sauntered over. "It's a pity a good American like you has to be in jail with these bums," he said. Another one with a "Nixon Now" button.

We got moved to the overnight cell, with dirty bare mattresses on battleship-gray bunks. The only reading material was old Playboys with the centerfolds torn out. Nick, a vegetarian, wouldn't eat the slightly rancid beef-and-carrot stew. I was hungry. I paid with diarrhea.



We went on trial the next morning. The cop who testified against us was wearing a "Nixon Now" button. The toy-store owner said all five of us had been in the store, but that there were no women. The judge tossed out the charges against Rhonda. The hundred-odd political detainees in the courtroom applauded. The owner said we had been "manhandling the customers" and shouting obscenities.

"What obscenities?" the judge asked.

"I can't repeat them," he said. "There are ladies present."

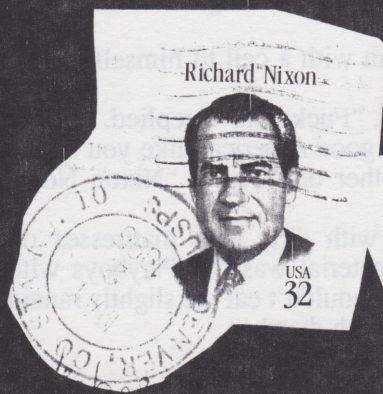
We told our stories straightforwardly. The only other customers had been leaving when we came in. "Case dismissed" said the judge. The courtroom rocked. Nick shot a raised-fist salute as we walked out. A fat blonde woman from Indiana smiled at me. We'd have a fling a couple years later.

When we got the car back there was \$20 missing from my backpack, along with my \$2 army jacket and proto-punk-rock ripped black T-shirt. They were probably adorning some undercover who needed authentic gear. We didn't stop to eat until we were out of Florida.

Nixon was re-elected overwhelmingly in November. All around radical groups were splitting up and activists cracking up. I spent the spring semester staying as high as I could and dropped out of school in May.

—Steve

# THE RIGHT



# COMMIES



## Changes

In those younger blue sky days  
When I raised my brown arms  
to be warmed by sister sun  
I wait

Hail stones hurled against my prison  
As my foster mom ranted about taking  
care of other people's children  
I sat feeling defeated by the storm's fury  
I wait

Behind the high school, a wooded glen  
He took me  
his heavy body heaved and shook on mine as  
I looked at the light between the leaves  
in pain  
I wait

In those tom-boy alley cat days  
I purred in my window  
because twilight had fallen  
Time to sneak, time to prowl  
I wait

And that year my heart broke along with my  
tooth and the gentle nectar  
of poppy plants helped me deal with all that

I wait

I waited, I wait... for positive proof  
that the sun still shines  
for confused black women with  
love in their hearts.  
That the storm's fury is justified  
and when my rage is done  
I'll find peace  
Until then,  
I wait  
—Barbara R. Lee

## Not Free

Because I  
am not  
wanted here  
not told to be  
not hated  
just  
not free  
Because the  
time still  
not long I am  
crying just  
the same  
not together  
not in name  
An attraction  
failed remains  
not free.

—Margaret Petrov



## Syd Barrett

was never human,  
a straw-stuffed savant;  
cracked pepper bread poet  
and also with the guitar.

Syd Barrett was never just high  
and could tell of the difference  
as if it were the rules  
of his favorite game.

Syd Barrett never knew  
how to look through the window  
because he was always on the other side  
facing the other way.

Syd Barrett was never human,  
a leashless diamond;  
merciful unwaning nation  
greasy with a genius at its helm.

—J. Griffith





## Postcard From Woman In Heaven

Dear Frank,  
My plane arrived two weeks ago.  
The weather has been fine.  
I've lost 15 pounds and can finally fit  
into that tight, black mini-skirt.  
Love the way my ass feels without underwear.  
I'm going dancing tonight.  
Gonna find me a punk-rock angel to swallow,  
including purple halo and safety-pin wings.  
Death sure makes a girl horny.  
Your friend Blue from Miami misses you.  
And so do I.  
Frank, you were right about two things in my life;  
There is a God, and yes,  
he has sympathy for the criminally insane.  
Your friend Blue borrowed a yellow Cadillac  
and refuses to tell Christ where it is.  
Rumor has it Blue drove to Hell and traded it for drugs.  
Blue certainly is an oddball.  
Blue stuck a Barbie doll, wearing a used band-aid  
in my refrigerator.  
Blue said all her childhood,  
kids treated Barbie better than her.  
Blue said it's time for Barbie to catch pneumonia, silly girl.  
Well, I've got to go shit, shower, and phone a cab.  
Love ya,  
Sarah

—Frank's Depression Poetry

## Announcements:

here's a radion station that's interested in playing your original, punk 7",  
CDs, or tape (good recordings only!)

WECS

Kim Bellerine, Program Director  
83 Windham St  
Willimantic, Ct 06226



I rocked you gently in my arms,  
and every fear you told me, I knew, cause I felt it too. You built a barrier  
around us, no pain could come through. You needed me, I needed you. I  
tried to leave your walls but I couldn't. I didn't really want to. It was such  
a spontaneous decision but it didn't work. And all the girls were laughing  
cause they knew how to laugh. I had forgotten. Then you yelled at me and  
called me names and said I was bad, you said I hated you. I didn't, not  
until now, but then I flew over the dying barriers but I was still dying. I  
looked in his eyes I saw the pain. I knew it. I knew it, I knew it, I knew  
it. and all the girls were laughing and all the girls could smile. And all the  
girls were laughing, and he crashed, and he crashed to the ground, and I  
cried. And you felt so helpless and I felt so helpless. And he crashed. And  
you poured the guilt all over me. My guilt-covered body. Wasn't I dealing  
with enough? Didn't I have enough? Didn't I have enough? And he  
crashed. And more guilt and he died and the guilt.

And I was numb with pain.

I couldn't feel you or him.

Or even myself.

And he crashed.

There was nothing I could do. Nothing. And I said goodbye. I said  
goodbye. I left your guilt, I left it behind me, behind forever. And I tried  
so hard to help him but there was nothing I could do. He kept cutting and  
cutting and cutting. Nothing I could do, nothing I could say. I told him not  
to leave, never go away. And he crashed, And the guilt you gave, enough  
pain no more. But he needs me, can't let him down, don't let anyone else  
die. Enough pain, and he crashed, did he cry? Don't forget me, don't  
neglect me. I need you. I love you. I'll be there, I promise, I won't let  
you down,

and all the girls were laughing,  
all the girls were laughing,  
all the girls were laughing at me.

—Alice







Smears  
Brownies  
May 7th & 8th

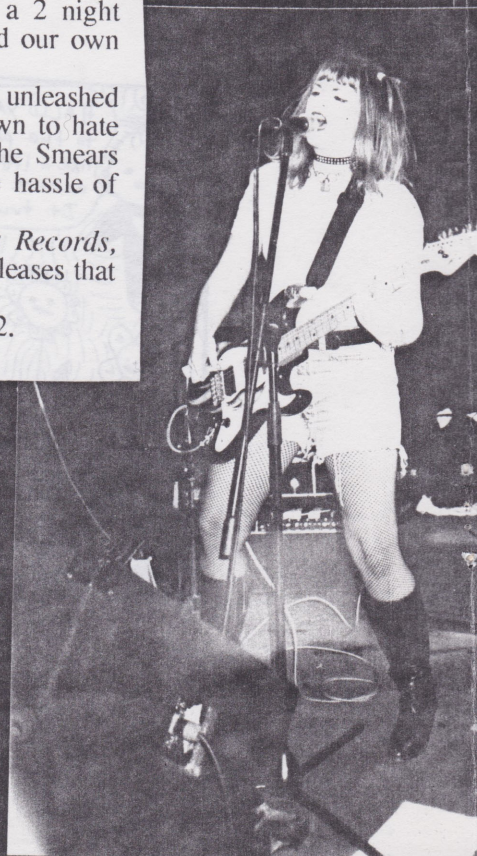


This high-energy trio from Bloomington, Indiana kicked off a 2 night bash at Brownies opening up for San Francisco's Tribe 8 and our own Sea Monkeys. (All this on my birthday, too!)

Alternating on vocals, Kathleen Gregg and Gretchen Holtz unleashed an intense fury of sound on a very eager audience. I've grown to hate Brownies and it's stupid door policy, but seeing bands like the Smears playing through a decent, loud sound system makes it worth the hassle of going there.

The Smears new CD "Smears In The Garage" (Dionysus Records, Burbank, CA) is a 30 minute combination of their 7" and 10" releases that captures all the energy and fun of their live shows.

Write to the Smears at: PO Box 2394, Bloomington IN 47402.



Photos by Margaret Petrov

This page, Clockwise from top L: Heather Floyd, Kathleen Gregg, Gretchen Holz, Kathleen.

Opposite page: Gretchen, Tribe 8's Lynn Breedlove, Flipper, Leslie Mah



SEE The Sea Monkeys + Yum Yum TREE!

♥ Come to our benefit June 10TH





Tribe 8  
5-7 95



## Love Story

They had loved each other... a teenage Bonnie and Clyde. He went to jail, six to twelve years for their crime. She got off lightly, five years probation. She visited him every week until he was sent upstate. She saw him only once after; a few days before his birthday. Then never again.

Three months later, he was dead. How does not matter because she understood nothing except that she would never see him again, never touch him, never hear his voice again. Desolate, alone.. Can we live without love, knowing that our love will never return? She couldn't, and three days later, she joined him in his cold bed, hoping to see him again, to hear his voice again, to hold him again.

—Victoria Law

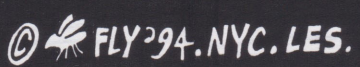
## The Open Car Window

Words disappear at 55 mph  
My favorite songs are limbs risking amputation  
Thrusting into the rush of wind  
And trusting daddy not to drive too close  
Besides, no one can hear  
I am a five year old rock star  
A musical wunderkind  
A woman-child in love  
Siren healer diva of the world  
My words bounce off signposts  
Hit the gravel  
Ricochet into the open window  
Of a passing car  
And disappear into the sea of possibilities

—Evelyn McDonnell

Little Pine Creek, Pennsylvania, May 30, 1994



[illegible]







## The Dance Of Love for Kathleen H.

Shake your booty baby, shake it harder he said. And I did. And I laughed, amused, scared, obnoxious. He only wishes he could have this, he needs me more an more, but I don't need him. No, I'm just using him for the money, but he doesn't know that. He thinks I actually like him. Fool. He puts me on a pedestal because I am on stage. I am the prettiest thing he ever did see, but he can't have me. Just my body. Not me. And so I shake my booty harder, and I take off my top, slowly, shyly, teasingly, as he begs like a dog. A dog begging for me, for me to like him, to accept him, want him. Need him. But I don't. He needs me. He needs my body and my soul, my love. But I won't give it to him. He can have my body if he wants because it is not me. He can buy my time, as I laugh to myself. He thinks he is my boss, my owner. I bet he's never owned anything worthwhile in his life. Never even himself. He needs to own me. So I let him, I let him think he does, as I take his money for every second of ownership. He eyes me with a value in his eyes that I bet he's never turned on himself. His sad sad eyes peek out from his haggard depressed face daily. He can't bear to look in a mirror because what he sees is more than just a face. His life, his history, his worth, is written on his face. The face that now looks up to me with respect in his eyes.

At my beautiful, youthful body and face, happy and sexual, pleased to please him, wanting him, needing him, to keep me happy, sexual and young. My eyes shine as I look at him and he feels happy. My eyes shine bright with laughter, a look he doesn't want to know, doesn't want to see. I laugh because for all my amusement at using this person like everyone else in his life, I understand. Two losers in a rat hole pleasing each other, making each other happy, using each other. And as I dance for him, I think I love him. I love him more than anyone before in my life, or his. I dance to please him, because it pleases me. I get what I need, but don't give anything of myself in return, just my body and my promise of love. Foolish boy, he believes too, he believes I truly love him, he believes he has something of me. And I let him, all the while, laughing... at myself.  
Foolish me.

—Dara Avenius



I LIFT my Arms asking you,  
the LORD,  
to not  
forget  
me.  
Can you  
Love  
me?



even if I live the rest  
of my Life as a  
Flowerhead? I'd  
Still get plenty of  
Sunshine + water.  
I would bloom  
for you, Lord, and  
we would be lovers.

See  
how  
pretty

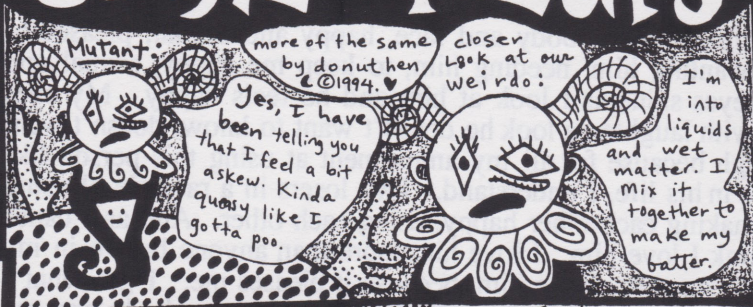


Sand dollars  
make me  
smile.  
Specially  
broken  
perfect ones...  
(hee hee!)



WOAH!  
horsey!  
why does  
it seem  
as if  
I'm at  
3 places  
at once?  
groovy.

## SIMPLE TREATS



Mutant:

more of the same  
by donut hen  
©1994.

closer  
Look at our  
weirdo:

Yes, I have  
been telling you  
that I feel a bit  
askew. Kinda  
quasy like I  
gotta poo.

I'm  
into  
liquids  
and wet  
matter. I  
mix it  
together to  
make my  
batter.

yes, this lump of warmth  
and adorable-ness is  
quite a member of the  
royal  
family.



PIZZZZ  
prrrr  
prrrr

I MUST

wait a long time  
with the lovething on my  
lap sleeping. It is hard to  
get anything accomplished  
with her oozing  
warmth on  
me all the time!

tappety  
tap



# 31 are busted in six-hour standoff



9:37. Now they're in. About 10 of them.

9:50. Banging on the fire escape of 545. Cops move in facing the building, pouring sand on the paint in the street and hooking chains to the overturned car. A white tank moves onto the block.

9:53. The tank grinds in and cops hook chains to it.

9:56. The tank backs up, pulling the car. Overkill for a tow truck. Picket line stretches to 539.

10 A.M. Cops in the garden. Someone yells "Waco." Tug-of-war with the rope.

10:02. ESU cops with navy bulletproof vests. "You want to drive families from their homes" someone yells. 535 is being emptied.

10:04. Cops have plastic cuffs out. Radio: "We're where we want to be. Stand by."

10:09 Order: "Clear up the front of 541." Bullhorn: "You're violating the law"—catcalls—"...place you under arrest."

10:11. Protesters sit down. Cops move in, working from the west end of the line. The architect is the first one arrested & into the paddy wagon. Bullhorn: "You have a chance to leave." Nobody moves.

10:14. Cops break into 541 from the back. Cops pull rope away from protesters. Some people are chained to 545. About a dozen remaining walk away to avoid arrest.

10:20. Snipers with assault rifles on the roof of 539. Chainsaw on the metal junk-sculpture gate to the garden. Major arrests by 545.

10:23. Tow truck pulls van away from front of 541. Dragging people who were chained to 545 away.

10:27. ESU starts hammering on the door of 545. "They never did this when that was a crackhouse" says a 544 resident.

10:34. Cops break into 545. Cheese, a resident in an orange safety vest, sieg heils and goosesteps on the roof.

10:37. "Anyone occupying the following buildings: 539, 541 or 545 East 13th St. You are in violation of a vacate order. If you refuse to leave the building you are subject to arrest." Chainsaw on 541's door starts a fire. Extinguished.

10:43. Riot cops accompany Buildings officials into 545. David Boyle is on the fire escape of 539, saying the "We have not been properly served" with the vacate order. Cop: "Hold off on that building."

10:49. Another car towed. 12 ESU in front of 541. People leaving 541. ESU on roof of 545. Cheese arrested—at machine-gunpoint.

10:55. A man with a mustache is pushed out, surrounded by three cops. He spits in a cop's face. They slam him to the ground and kick him. Someone says he has AIDS. Cops put him in a straitjacket, trussed up with orange belts around his knees. They leave him on the sidewalk.

11:05. Cop rips down a banner from 541.

11:25. Start hauling away 539 storefront barricade, mostly bicycles.

11:27. Cops crowbar 539 storefront.

11:35. David Boyle saying something about "no access...Officer." Ironic. The first homesteader in 539 is the last one left in the five buildings.

11:52. Fire engines on mid-block. Cops toss beams and debris off the roof of 545 into the garden, making desultory thuds as they land.



## West Fifth Street 1992

Halloween night, empty egg cartons, candy wrappers littered my street  
 Three little white trash girls no older than eight out trick or treating.  
 Stumbling around on high heels, wearing short skirts, leg stockings  
 and a ton of cosmetics.

"We're hookers," I heard one of them say

Yeah, right. And their alcoholic parents call me a freak.

On my way home from a Halloween party.

Some asshole in a passing car threw a beer bottle at me.

Made me wish it were a bullet.

I felt invincible, pumped full of chocolate and caffeine.

My luck, if it were a bullet, probably would have  
 paralyzed me for life.

Feels good to write, complaining how I feel, wanting a gun.

Wanting a woman, wanting to move away from South Boston.

If I had the cash or the balls to face my ex-girlfriend Eve,

I would move back into a San Francisco slum.

At least there were plenty of alternative neighbors,

Bikers, punks, faggots, hookers, drug dealers, etc... etc

This neighborhood is a conservative joke.

Nothing but gossip, designer clothing, basketball.

It's a physical challenge just getting to the corner store

Without some jock picking a fight, cause he doesn't like my clothing.

Lately I've been concealing an iron pole in case of a jock attack.

Yesterday down the block two white hicks caved in a Negro's face

With a baseball bat.

Kids in my neighborhood are incredible.

Drinking, fighting, playing basketball around the clock.

Doesn't matter if it's raining and cold.

They're there across the street, car windows down, blasting Madonna.

Could get worse, the Negro whose face was destroyed

Might do a drive-by shooting.

Gives me something to hope for.

—Frank's Depression Poetry





**I** always knew I was different. Even when I was little I identified with things that were supposed to be alien to me; those that were supposed to be second nature were not. It was difficult and nothing could conceal it. When I look back on my childhood, it is startling in how many ways everything was quite obvious.

I am a transsexual. Some of those things in childhood was painful. As a child, I was an outcast, the one everyone beat up and laughed at. That continued all the way through college, as I desperately tried to fit in. I never could. When I was in fifth grade, my mother suggested I dress up as a girl for Halloween. I didn't want the other kids to laugh at me, and say that I was finally revealing my true nature. Kids can be amazingly cruel.

By the time I was fourteen and attending a Catholic boys' school, I had figured out my gender conflict. High school was a nightmare, especially gym. Sometimes in my darkest moods I considered suicide. I often dreamed that I would wake up one morning and be a girl and have that life. I would still be the same inside, but no one would know. I had changed because I would be right. But I was always terrified of telling my parents and of their reaction. We had to be the perfect family and perfect families didn't have such things.

By the time I was 18 and in college, I had a heavy drinking habit. I spent four years at a prestigious Catholic college drunk. During my senior year of college, my parents divorced. My mother had been trying to maintain the illusion of a perfect family and it all fell apart as my father's infidelities and lies came out in the open. I drank through the divorce. I had also acquired a pot habit and had discovered acid by graduation.

For two years I continued to party heavily. I had lost my virginity to both men and women (seperately) at age 20. I kept my affairs with men secret while drifting through several with women. Although I was mostly attracted to men a strange thing happened. I fell in love with a woman. We lived together for two years and got engaged. I told her about my real self but she didn't run from me. I told her I had a strong female identity and liked to dress as a woman. We experimented. She taught me how to apply makeup how to dress, and carry myself as a woman. Eventually it got too much. We had a painful breakup and I was suicidal. I realized I had to accept myself as a woman or die.

I started talking about it with friends and they were mostly supportive. I told my family. I told my father over the phone because I didn't want to get hit. My father and one brother disowned me. I do miss my brother and hope for a reconciliation. Most of my family accepted me.

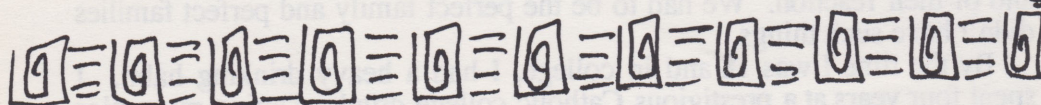
Currently I live full time as a woman and have saved almost enough for the final surgery. I "pass" as a woman. I look like and am accepted as a woman in everyday life. No one at my current job knows about my past, nor do they suspect. A friend of mine knows a few transsexuals and says the difference she's noticed is that my core identity is female, where theirs is male. She says that makes my experience different.



All women know about sexism. We deal with it every day. It pervades our existence. I know a major street where there prostitutes cruise. A woman can't walk down that street alone without several cars trying to pick her up. Men act differently when we aren't there. Men generally do not understand sexism, nor do they believe that things are as difficult as they are simply because of our gender. No man understands a woman's fear of rape. I never carried mace before, but I do now. They don't want to believe how major a factor it is in a woman's life. They don't want to believe there are so many men out there who are so cruel. I have heard men describe rape as "a frustrated guy trying to get some". It is not a joke, it's not about sex, it's about power and cruelty.

There are undoubtedly women reading this who resent me, who feel I am not "real". That I am gay and running from it. I live my life every day the same way you do. I deal with sexism. I worry about the erosion of our freedom of choice, about those who demonize welfare mothers as unfit, and about the way women everywhere seem to end up as scapegoats for problems that are very often created by men. As Sojourner Truth said "ain't I a woman?"

—Mirya



This is a real ad (slightly modified)  
that appeared in New York Press in May.  
What do you think about this kind of "service"?  
Write those fuckers and tell them:  
NY Press 295 Lafayette St, NYC 10012



## Meet Beautiful Women THIS SUMMER

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traditional high moral values.  
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## Battleground

My body is a battleground  
of Ideas and Shapes  
Unformed and changing  
Fighting to be free

My body is a battleground  
A toy of the wills  
That contest and play  
And toss it in the scree

My body is a battleground  
Dedicated to love  
Yet unable to receive it  
Hoping to be free

My body is a battleground  
A raging torrent of life  
Buffeted and torn  
Like a ship on the sea

My body is a battleground  
Waiting for peace  
And I wonder  
Will I ever be free?

—Mirya

2/5/95

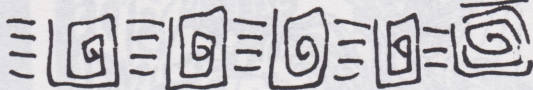
I hug the arms around my waist  
a time won't come that soon enough  
and I have no way to tell you  
anything  
I'm dizzy and the rain just makes me sick  
no way to tell you  
that I can't  
no way to shut up  
no way to give myself  
and now I walk to the window  
stare outside

—Margaret Petrov

I  
don't want  
to know you  
as numb and fragmented  
incarnation  
in endless  
city ravage and sweat  
in confused buckets  
of greying ocean foam  
where bodies  
are sentenced to shadows  
in all its long past  
and tastes like nothing

And  
the last  
leaving days  
of brilliant mind  
days of river blind  
and get going  
exotic love disease  
take me as you as me  
took me as you as me  
claimed you.

I don't know  
understand  
love  
and how it dies  
with breath  
and lovely eyes  
still  
in motion  
—Merry Fortune





## Fashion Victim

### Beauty Recipe

1/4 ounce of butter  
1/4 ounce of hate  
1/4 ounce of plastic  
& shake, shake, shake

1/4 ounce of barbies  
1/4 ounce of dolls  
1/4 ounce of "cheese"  
& let's go to the malls

1/4 ounce of nailpolish  
1/4 ounce of boys  
1/4 ounce of spandex  
& we are all sex toys

1/4 ounce of hitler  
1/4 ounce of cure  
1/4 ounce of prostitution  
& I'm a cover girl!

—Barbie

Feeling good's not looking good!  
We have to prove our womanhood,  
Crying won't work and all else fails  
Bloomingdale's will cure what ails.  
Cosmotologists desperately pushing for sales  
Their makeup counters garish jails.

Lipstick, liner, bleach, and dye  
All lined up for us to buy  
Warpaint meant to beautify  
Girls, you're sure to nab your guy!

You feel a mess  
Your life's a failure  
Drag your ass to Lord & Taylor!  
Classy clothes for mega-bucks  
Outfits meant for stupid fucks.

Macy's window's huge display  
Especially on Christmas day  
Santa says to pay and pay  
Ho Ho Ho and we'll obey!

And then, of course, there's always Sach's  
Pricy shit without the tax  
Carry those packages! Don't be lax!  
A clothes-horse with a broken back.

Home Shopping Network's not for me,  
Neither is a shopping spree,  
Screw the fashion industry.  
Naked is the way to be!

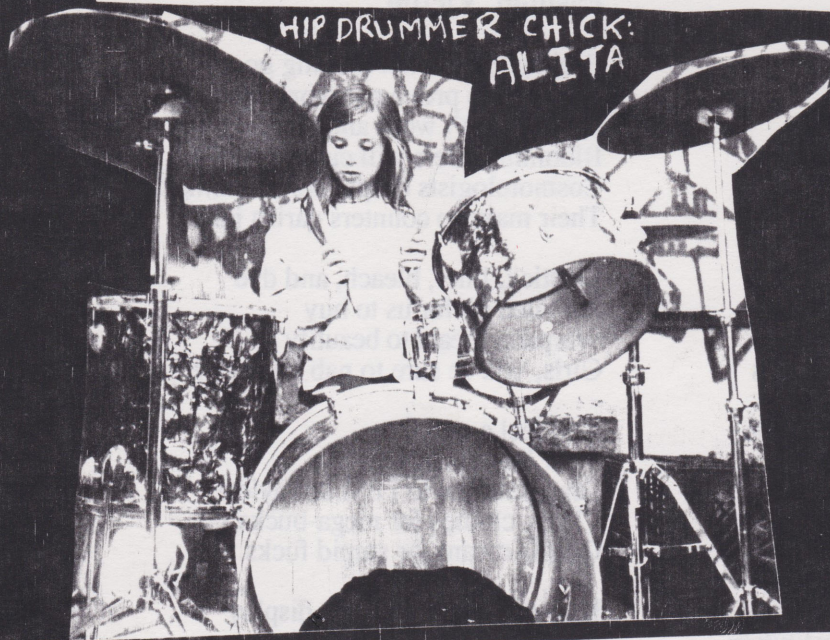
—Eden





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Thanx to all the folks who sent in submissions to Skunk. Apologies to anyone who's submission we didn't have room for. We recieved some poetry that was just too long to fit in this format. Try to keep poems under one page length, we simply don't have room to print epics, no matter how well-written they may be. If you're sending in illustrations/cartoons, please try to make it fit our size/format.



We're looking for a few good places to carry SKUNK. If you're a record store, zine store, club or coffee shop that would like to recieve a bulk shipment of SKUNK please contact us.

SKUNK BENEFIT: SAT OCT 10th • 2PM-10PM BULLET SPACE-  
292 E.3rd (between Aves C & D) ALL AGES! FREE VEGGIE BBQ!  
\$5.00 Admission.

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CHLOE 1989-1995 R.I.P. KITTY